



Revolutionary



historical revolution lesbian

👁 21 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Nate

Jessamine Faucher; low-life and high-profile student with an affinity for shooting pistols, stealing cupcakes and pretending to be a boy to abolish the Jacobin government of the French Revolution with her unapologetically male friends.

~~~

"Enemy marksmen! In Nouvelle Mairie," a voice cried, followed almost instantaneously by rounds of firing pistols and shouts of anger. "There's at least 20 or so!"

Jessamine sat up with a bolt, the sound of glass shattering working to wake her up just as well as the guns. She stumbled to get up off the pavement, still groggy from her nap, and swiped the nearby musket.

The shouts got increasingly louder as she sprinted to the intersection of the commotion, and as a precaution she had already started stuffing the loose strands of hair into her flat cap and adjusting the gauze around her breast. Just in time, as well, because as she turned the corner, she was greeted by an uncoordinated mix of swords, guns and fists.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

the cafe between a dozen soldiers and several insurgents. "'Need help driving the bastards away from our cafe!'"

"On it!"

She swung her musket over her shoulder and pulled a pistol from her waistband, cocking it automatically as she darted around the fighting to reach the coffee house. She was momentarily disrupted by a royal guard, a man in his thirties. who went down with a swift elbow to his face. Jessamine continued her route.

As soon as she made it to the cafe, Jessamine noted a particularly medal-adorned guard fighting off two insurgents at the same time further into the cafe. 'Possibly the regiment's general', she thought. "I'll take out badge over 'ere," she called out to Oiseau. "I'll take him down."

She made it to the 2-1 fight just in time to see it become a two against zero one. The guard gave a vicious strike to the first of the rebels, a young boy named Alix, with the barrel of his gun. The second, in a moments hesitation, backed up and picked his unconscious friend from the ground to make a break for it. The guard cocked his pistol.

"Hey," Jessamine shouted. The guard spun around, gun still bared, to look for the voice, giving the second rebel enough time to carry the bleeding Alix away. The guard fired his pistol but hit empty air as Jessamine ducked, began crawling throughout the next shots and sprung back up again as the guard paused to think his next actions through. He raised his gun once more, but Jessamine tackled him to ground before much could occur.

His neck snapped back and his head smacked into the wooden floor, and in a blurred moment of spastic flailing, his military hat slipped off. When Jessamine's vision was blinded with a curtain of hair, a panicked pit in her stomach emerged. But her hair was still secured underneath her hat, she assured herself, and realized the truth of the situation in a moment of clarity.

The guard pinned underneath her elbows and knees, with his hat discarded to the side, sported

a mess of long blonde hair that was crumpled across the ground of the cafe. The guard had previously had a dainty face, but now Jessamine could see the man she had taught herself to view as masculine, for her own sake. Frantic hair now crumpled strikingly apparent that the guard underneath her was much

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Bastard...," she gasped, frozen in shock as Jessamine surveilled her with the same surprise. "Get off me, you thick schoolboy!" She gave a jubilant shove to Jessamine and reached for her pistol when the latter stumbled off. They were caught in a standstill, though. Jessamine had disregarded her own weapons and the guard was reluctant to kill a harmless schoolboy.

"I-," she started, but looked away and cursed. "Next time I see you, I will kill you."

Jessamine hardened her jaw. "The time will come, and I guess we'll both see."

The fair-haired girl escaped without another glance.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

My only rule: These girls will be hella gay for eachother. Dont forget.

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account